

Abbott and Costello

COMICS

10¢



February

SCHOOL DAZE

IT WAS ODD, but, for once, Little Benny's eyes were glued to his geography book. Usually he found the view from the school window or a study of the ceiling much more interesting than the dull old print and maps to which he was supposed to pay attention. What then held his attention this sunny afternoon? Well, have *you* ever seen two, real, live, honest-to-goodness, no fooling caterpillars race across Australia? Not actually Australia, you understand, but the map of it that was in Little Benny's book. A caterpillar race took all of the watcher's attention. One couldn't risk a glance elsewhere, or the racers might fall asleep or go wandering all over the Bay of Fundy. Then, too, when you made bets with yourself, switching each time your favorite fell behind, it left no time to listen to noises such as teacher's voice.

So it was that Little Benny failed the first couple of times to hear teacher call him. Indeed, he failed the *third* time, too, for it unfortunately occurred at a very stirring moment in the caterpillar race across Australia. The racers were neck and neck, tail and tail, cocoon and cocoon and . . .

"LITTLE BENNY!"

This last command entered even Little Benny's wall of concentration. He closed the book hastily as the caterpillars slid to the floor. Darn, now he'd *never* know how the race came out! What could teacher want? He hadn't disturbed anyone this afternoon; hadn't tied a knot in a single pigtail; hadn't thrown a single eraser. Why, he had been as quiet as a mouse! In fact, he had been as quiet as *two* mice. He hadn't even . . .

"Young man, is it necessary to send you a written invitation every time I wish to speak to you? I have never encountered such a day-dreamer! I declare you are the most impossible of all the impossible pupils I've ever had! I should stand you in the corner, but you've worn out all our dunce caps now! I should . . . oh, never mind! Let's get back to our lesson. As for you, Master Little Benny, march right back to your seat and don't let

me catch you not paying attention again!"

Whew! That had been too close. He'd almost got into real trouble that time. Back in his seat, Little Benny resolved to turn over a new leaf. To prove it, he sternly ignored an excellent opportunity to knock over Jane's pencil box. Whatever the next assignment was he'd do it to the best of his ability. He wasn't going to mess up again. He'd show teacher that he wasn't as stupid as she thought he was. As if anyone could be! Ignored, the caterpillars raced across the Gobi Desert en route to Naples. Little Benny was concentrating now!

"Now then, pupils . . . and Little Benny . . . our next task is an interesting one. Have you ever wondered what you're going to be when you grow up? Of course, you have! By that I mean what profession do you intend to follow? Would you like to be a doctor? A lawyer? A policeman? Or perhaps a banker? At any rate, we're going to find the secret ambition of each and every one of you! How? You're going to write it down that's how! I want you to begin a composition of two hundred words entitled 'When I Grow Up I'm Going To Be . . .' All right, let's start. Remember, no less than two hundred words!"

Golly, two hundred words sure was a lot of words! Little Benny wondered if he *knew* that many words. Nevertheless, the teacher's speech had held him fascinated. You see, he had never given the slightest thought to what he was going to be when he grew up. He had been much too busy just growing up. Still it was time a fellow gave some thought to those things. He wasn't getting any younger — not at six and a half, going on seven.

Teacher had mentioned being a doctor first. Now that was a very fine job. They wore nice white coats and he had always looked well in white. Take that white sweatshirt of his — well, it wasn't *exactly* white anymore since the exploring trip through the coal pile. Say, rather, his sort

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)



THE WISTFUL WIDOW of WAGON GAP

ARIP ROARIN' STORY IN
4 BIG ROOTIN', TOOTIN',
SHOOTIN' PARTS!

INTRODUCTION

LET'S GO! HOLD
YOUR HATS!

A STAGE COACH
WITH TWO
PASSENGERS JOLTS
OVER A RUTTED
MOUNTAIN ROAD
TOWARD THE TOWN
OF **WAGON GAP**...A
BANG, BANG BURG
WHERE BULLETS ARE
PLENTY, **NECKIN'**
IS DONE WITH A ROPE
AND THE LIMB OF A
TREE, AND RATTLE
SNAKES, HORNED
TOADS AND
SCORPIONS ARE
SCARCE BECAUSE
KIDS CHAW THEM
FOR GUM!

BUT IT IS
STILL THREE
MILES TO
WAGON GAP!



THEY
MUST BE
FIXIN' THE
PAVEMENT
OUT HERE, OR
SUMTHIN'!

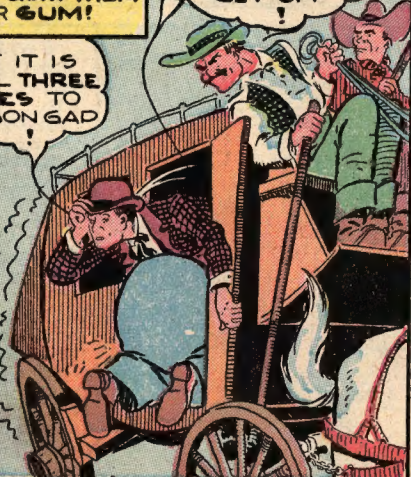
WHOA!
ALL
OUT FOR
WAGON
GAP!

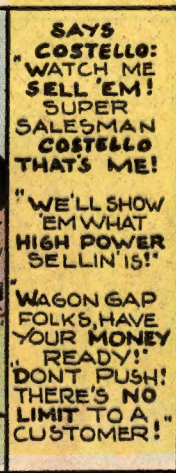
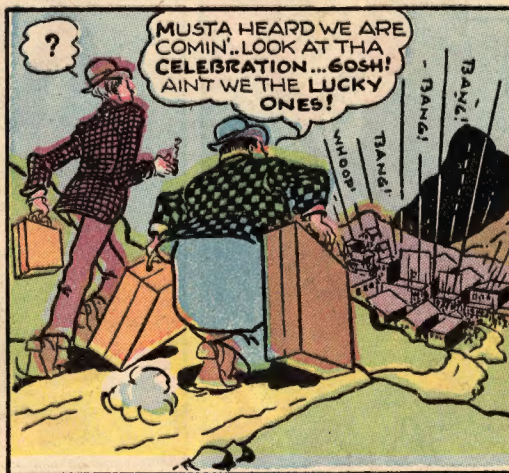
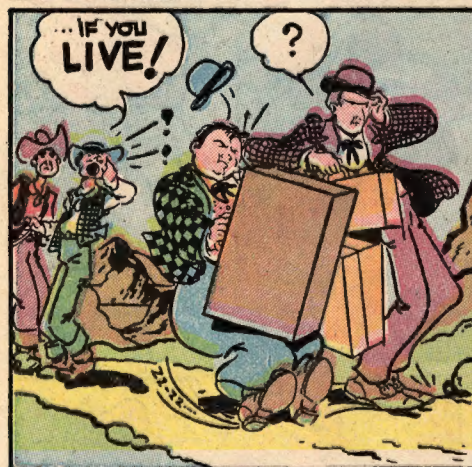
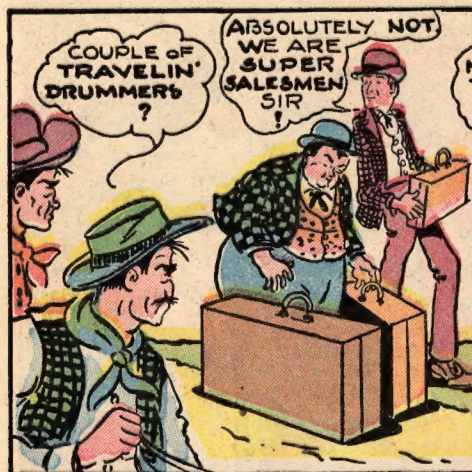


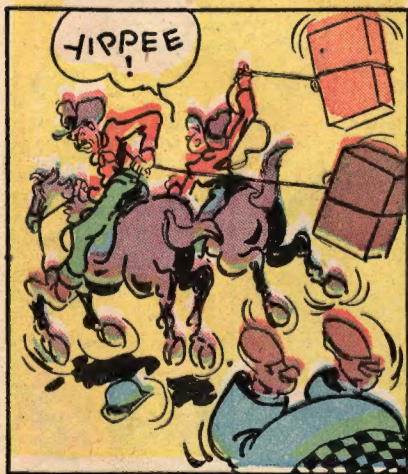
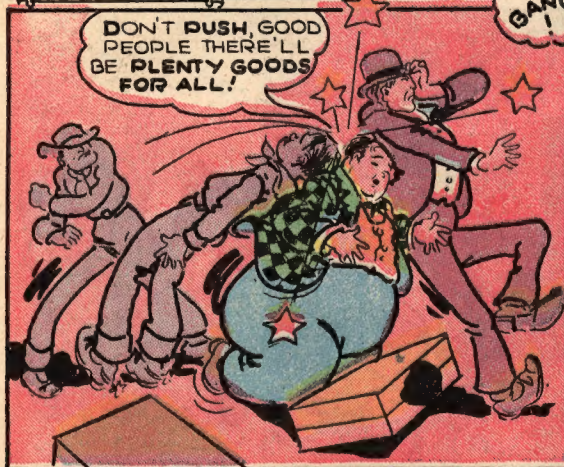
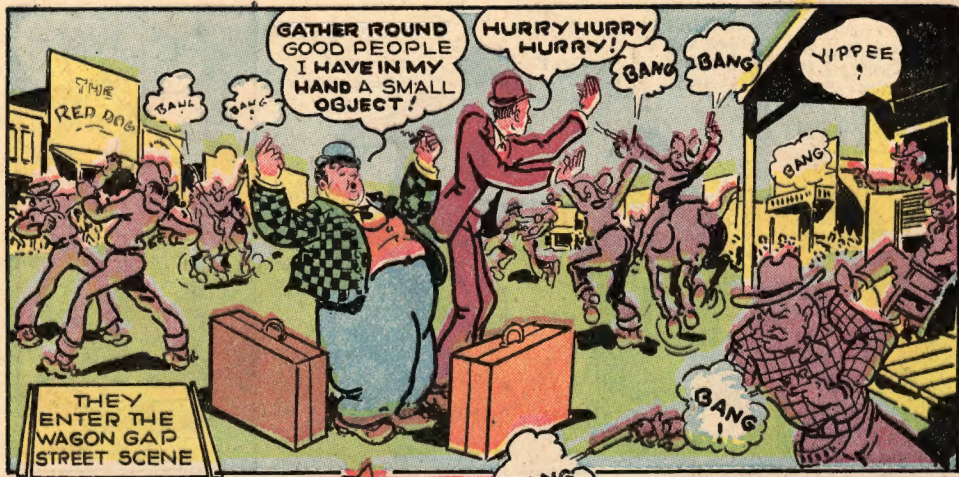
THA TOWN
IS TOO TOUGH!
THIS IS AS
CLOSE AS
WE GO

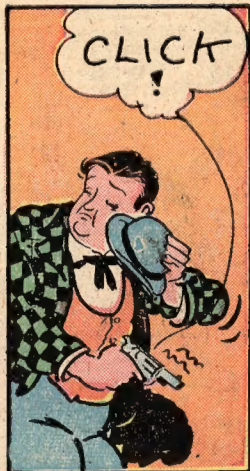
WE ARE
SKEERED
OF THE
PLACE!

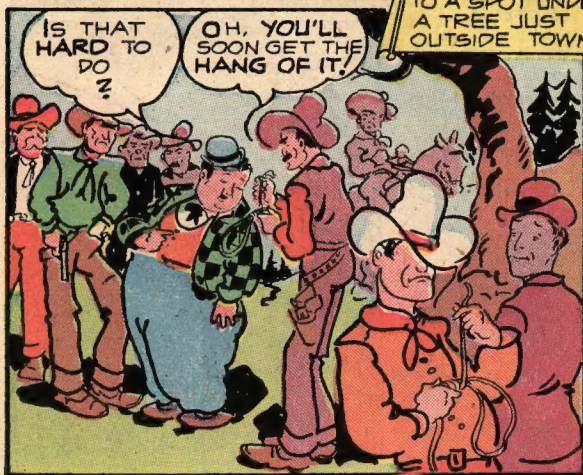
YOU HEARD THE
MAN. THIS IS THE
END OF THE LINE!
GET OFF
!



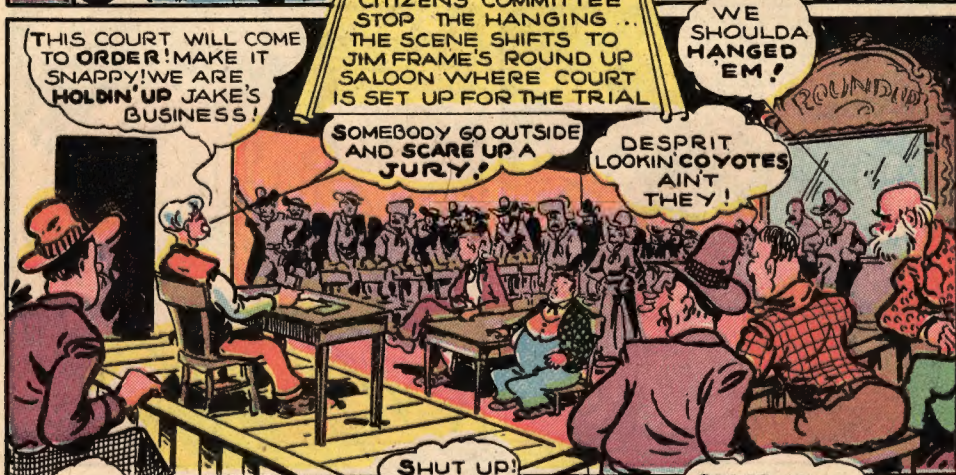






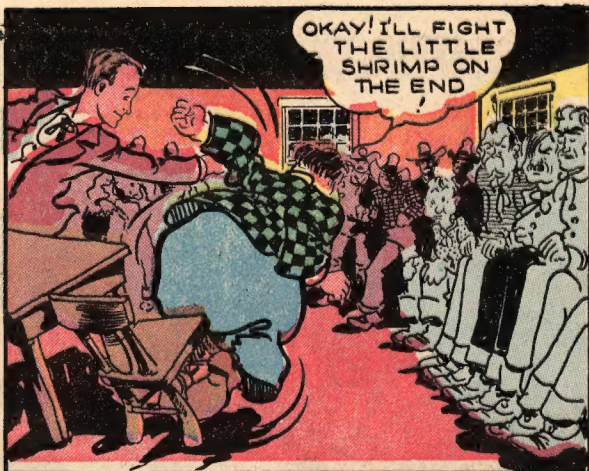


THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A SPOT UNDER A TREE JUST OUTSIDE TOWN...



YOU MAY
CHALLENGE
ANY MEMBER
OF THE JURY

OKAY,
I'LL
LOOK EM
OVER



ORDER
IN THE
COURT

COME,
COME, COME
MAKE A PASS
AT ME!

?

I'LL HOLD
YOU IN
CONTEMPT

IDON'T THINK
IM GONNA
CARE FOR
YOU EITHER

I SENTENCE
YOU TWO
COYOTES TO-

HOLD IT, JUDGE!
THE LAW SAYS IF A MAN
KILLS ANOTHER MAN,
IN A DUEL HE'S GOTTA
TAKE CARE OF THE
OTHER MAN'S WIDOW
AN KIDS!

I SENTENCE
YOU TWO FER
SHOOTIN' THE
DECEASED, TED
HAWKINS, IN A
DUEL!

YOU
CANT DO
THAT,
JUDGE! I'LL
GIVE YA A
ARGUMENT

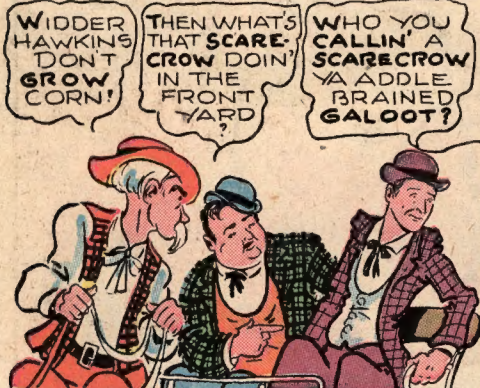
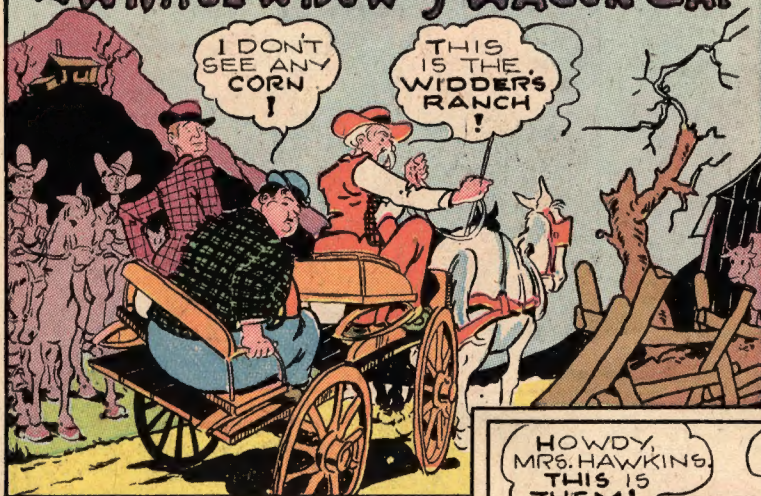


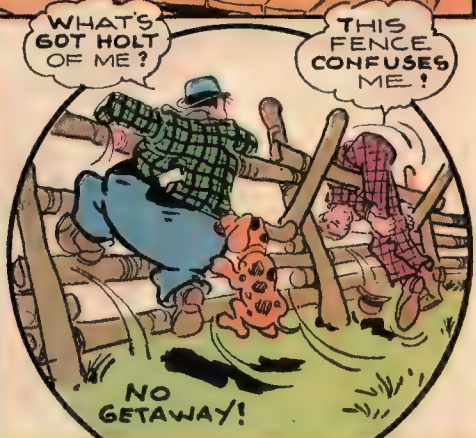
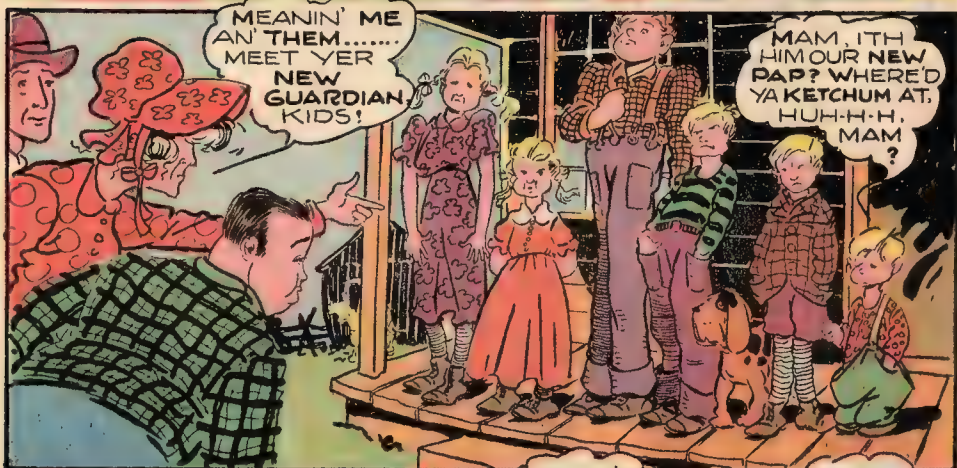
THE WISTFUL WIDOW & WAGON GAP

PART

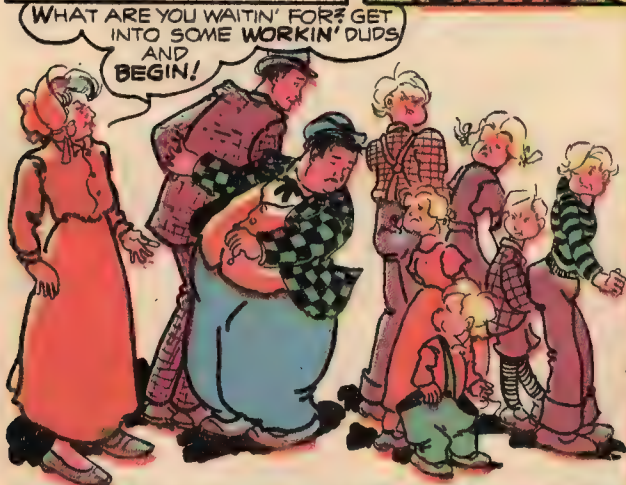
2

SENTENCED
TO TAKE
CARE OF
WIDOW
HAWKINS
AND HER
KIDS. THE
JUDGE
TAKES
THEM FOR
ARIDE TO
THE
WIDOWS
RANCH!





THE RANCH POOCH THROWS A COAT TAIL TACKLE ON COSTELLO...ABBOTT ALL TANGLED WITH RAIL FENCE





THIS IS JUANITA, MY ELDEST. JUANITA THIS ONE IS YOUR NEW GUARDIAN.

HOW DO YOU DO ?

OH-H, AH, IKK...IKK... I'M--- STAYIN'!

AND THIS IS A CRITTER THAT NEEDS GUARDIN'. SHE'S GOT A LOT OF FRISKY NOTIONS THAT I'M 'SPECTING YOU TO HALTER!



I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE MEAN TO ME--- MAY I CALL YOU DADDY?

AHEM !

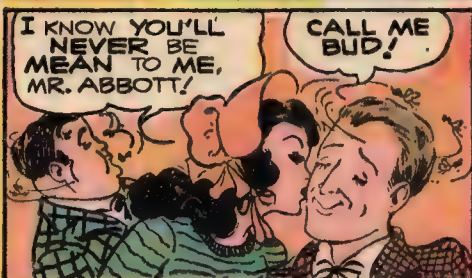
CALL ME LOU!

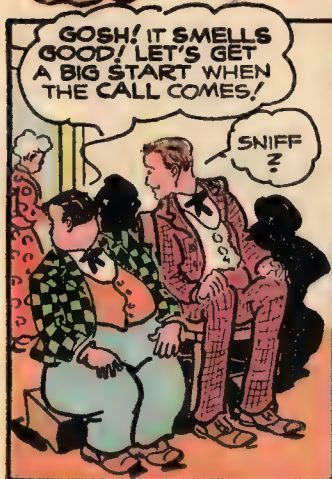
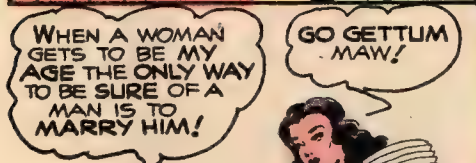
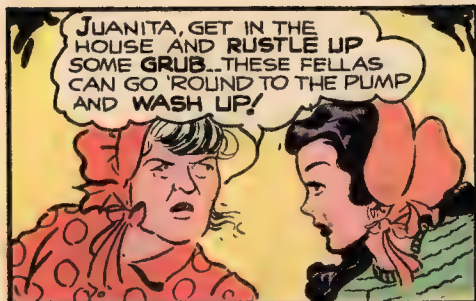


YOU KNOW I'M A SORT OF GUARDIAN TO THE GUARDIAN

I KNOW YOU'LL NEVER BE MEAN TO ME, MR. ABBOTT!

CALL ME BUD!

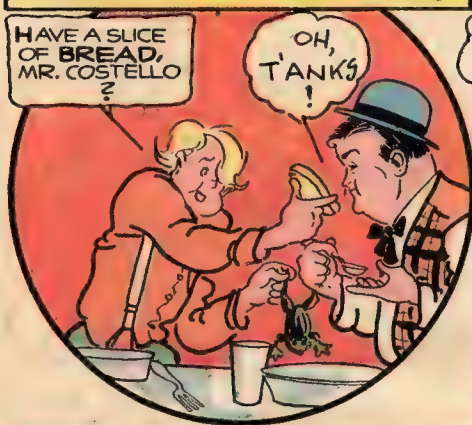




THEY MAKE IT TO THE TABLE, BUT THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN...WATCH!

HAVE A SLICE OF BREAD, MR. COSTELLO?

OH, TANKS!



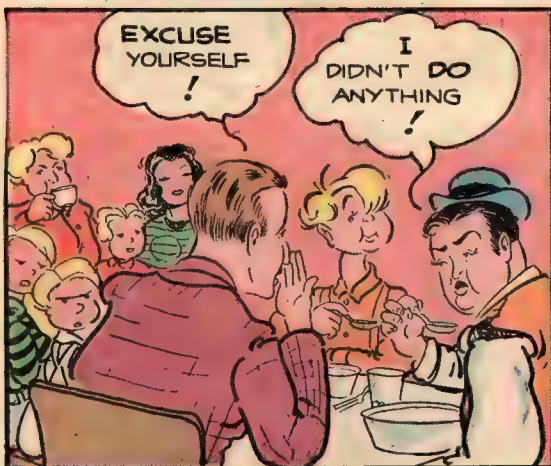
CROAK!

?



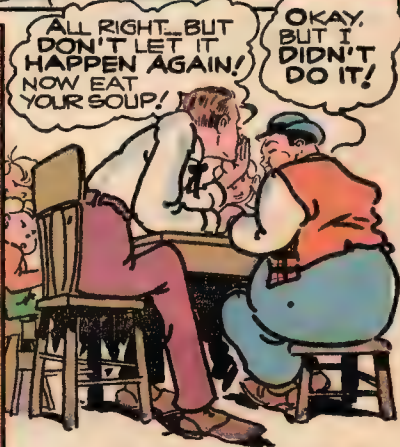
EXCUSE YOURSELF!

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

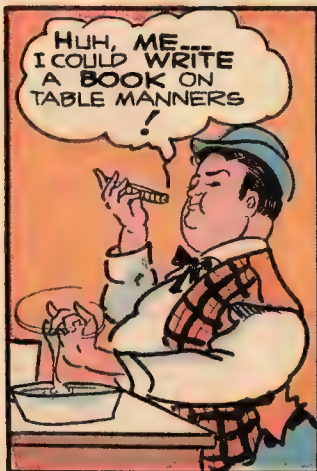


ALL RIGHT...BUT DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN! NOW EAT YOUR SOUP!

OKAY, BUT I DIDN'T DO IT!

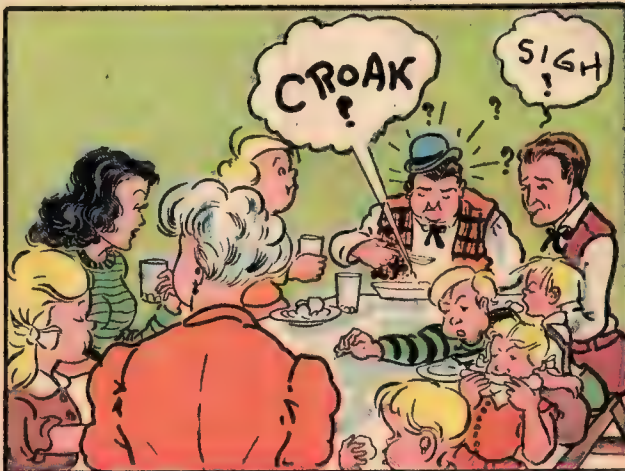


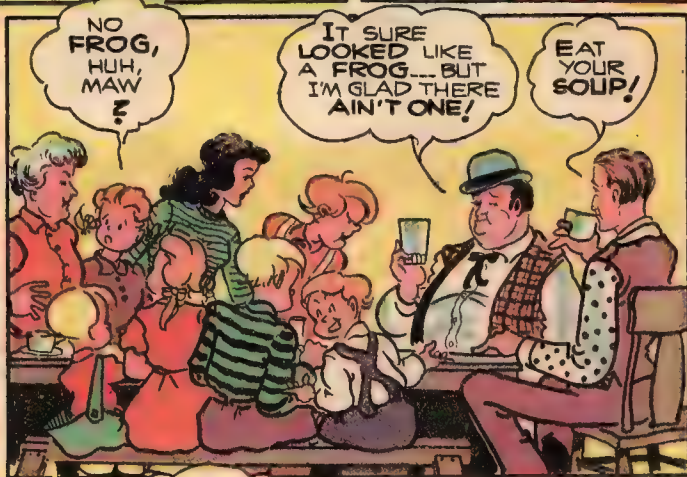
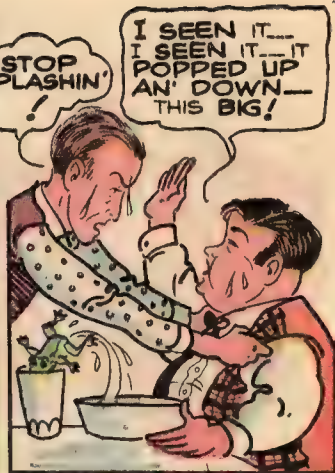
HUH, ME... I COULD WRITE A BOOK ON TABLE MANNERS!

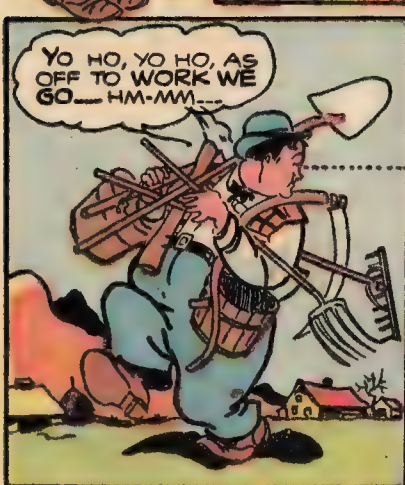


CROAK!

SIGH!

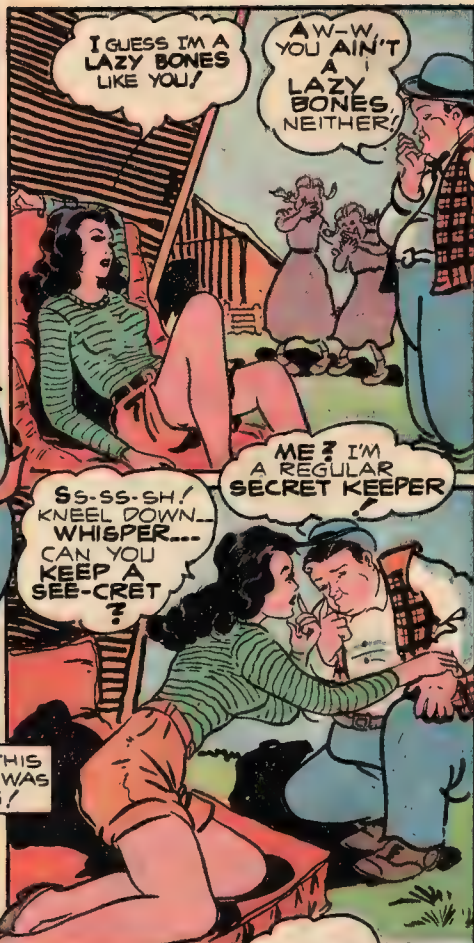






THE WISTFUL WIDOW OF WAGON GAP

PART 3





HE!
HE!

SS-SH...

HE!
HE!



SING-GG
WILLOW, TIT
WILLOW, TIT
WILLOW...



YA-HA! YA-HA!
MAW IS FIXIN' FOR
COURTIN', MAW IS
FIXIN' FOR COURTIN'!

?



YA-
HA!

YA-HA

SS-SSH
!



CONSARN YOUNG
NUTS MAKIN' ALL
THAT NOISE---THEY'LL
BE GETTIN' THAT WIDOW
IN HERE AN' CATCH
ME!



I
HAVE
CAUGHT YOU
!



SO YOU
DID THE
CHORES---
THEN
SLIPPED
IN TO DO
THE
DISHES!



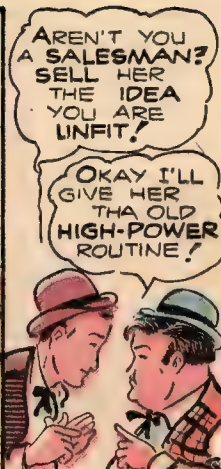
ALL
FOR ME!

GRAB



WHY ARE YOU
ALL SET TO
RUN?

THA WIDOW
WANTS TO
MARRY
ME!



AREN'T YOU
A SALESMAN?
SELL HER
THE IDEA
YOU ARE
UNFIT!

OKAY I'LL
GIVE HER
THA OLD
HIGH-POWER
ROUTINE!

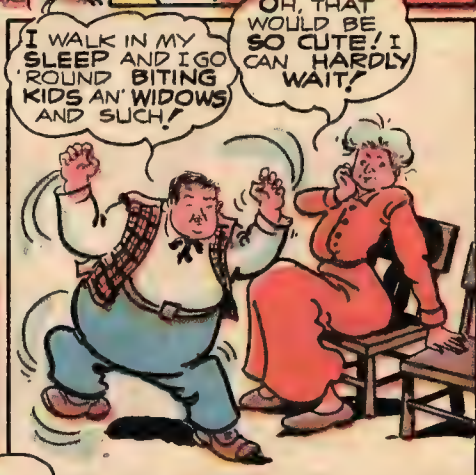


WIDOW HAWKINS
I'D LIKE TO
MARRY YOU...BUT
(SIGH)...I'VE GOT
A LOT OF
DRAWBACKS!



ON ACCOUNT OF
MY DIET, I'VE GOT
TO HAVE FRIED CAT
MEAT EVERY
MORNING FOR MY
BREAKFAST!

AW, DON'T
WORRY...WE
GOT LOTS OF
CATS!



I WALK IN MY
SLEEP AND I GO
ROUND BITING
KIDS AN' WIDOWS
AND SUCH!

OH, THAT
WOULD BE
SO CUTE! I
CAN HARDLY
WAIT!



MY FEET
AIN'T MATES
AND THEY CAN'T
BE FIXED!

OH, I'M SO-O-O
USED TO THAT!
MR. HAWKINS HAD
THE SAME
TROUBLE!

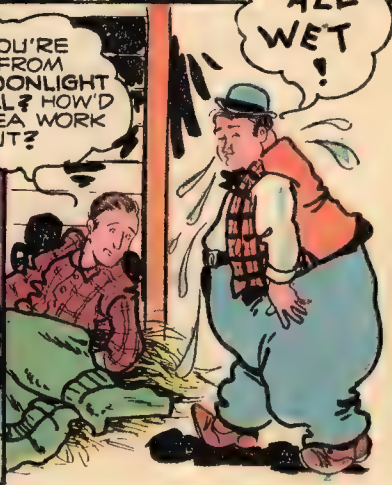
MAW'S
GOT 'IM



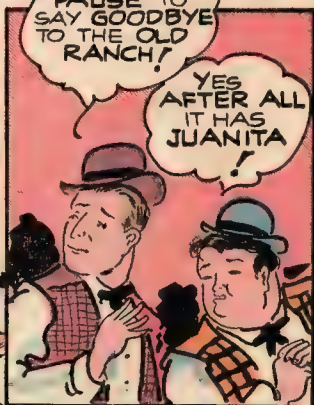
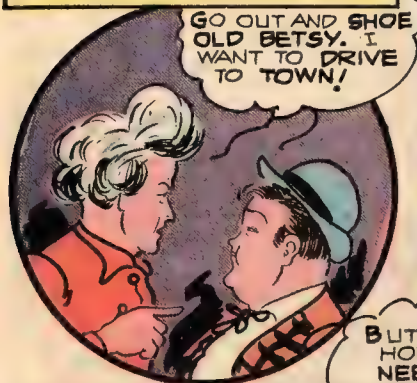
NO
SALE

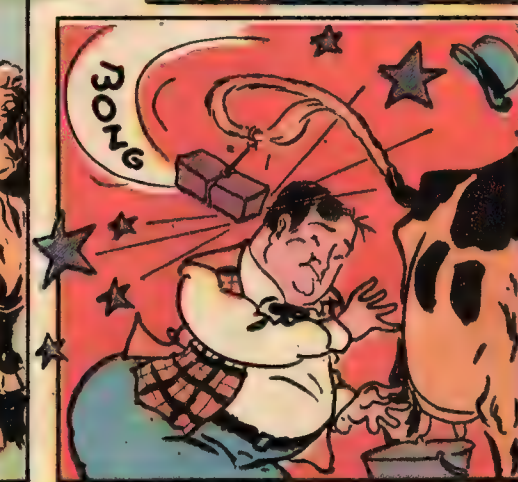
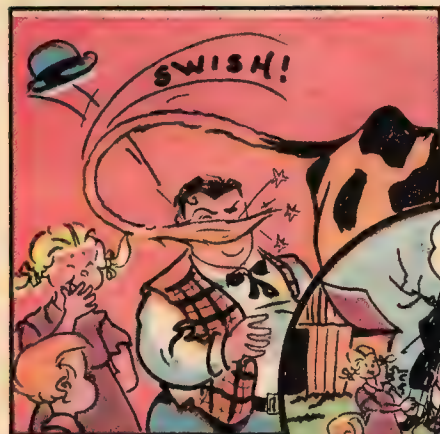
I HAVE
ANOTHER
IDEA

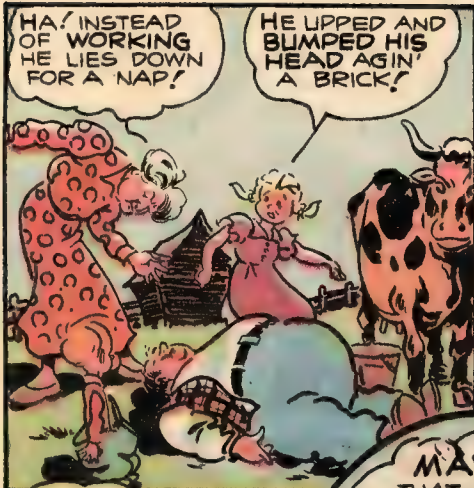




NEXT MORNING! IS THIS A CHANCE TO GO GALLOPING AWAY?







I WAS ABOUT TO
THROW HIM
OFF MYSELF,
MRS HAWKINS

JUST
TRY IT!

THIS IS A
FAMILY
MATTER, JIM
SIMPSON. IT'S
MR. COSTELLO'S
JOB!

JAKE ONLY
CAME HERE
TO GET MY
ANSWER ABOUT
SINGING IN THE
ROUND-UP
TAVERN!

YOUR
LATE
HUSBAND
OWED ME
\$1,100!

AND I THINK
JAKE IS
GENEROUS TO GIVE
ME A CHANCE TO
PAY OFF THE FAMILY
DEBT!

YOUNG
LADY, AS
YOUR GUARDIAN,
I FORBID YOU
TO SET FOOT
IN THAT
TAVERN

THERE IS
A REASON FOR
MY WANTING
YOU TO WORK
IN THE
ROUND-UP!

THEN IT IS YOUR
RESPONSIBILITY
TO GO TO WORK
FOR FRAME AND
WORK OFF
THE DEBT!

BUT I
WORK HERE
ALREADY

SINCE
YOU PUT IT
THAT WAY... HM...
WORKING IN A
TAVERN MIGHT
BE A GOOD
EXPERIENCE
FOR A GIRL!

WHAT IS JIM'S
REASON?—LET
US LISTEN...

WHAT JIM SAID
TO COSTELLO:

"YOU DIDN'T
KILL HAWKINS!
KNOLLS THE
UNDERTAKER
BROKE DOWN.
AND TOLD ME
HAWKINS MUST
HAVE BEEN
DEAD 30 MINUTES
BEFORE YOU
CAME TO
WAGON GAP!
THE PLACE TO
FIND OUT WHO
DID THE KILLING
IS AT THE
ROUND-UP
TAVERN!

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO
EARN A COUPLE OF
FAST HORSES AND
A STAKE TO GET TO
CALIFORNIA?

YEAH
?

IF YOU FIND OUT
WHEN THE GOLD IS
COMING THROUGH,
I'LL GIVE YOU THE
HORSES!

OKAY
I'LL BUZZ
SIMPSON!

AHA!
JUST THE MAN
I WANTED TO
RUN INTO

WHAT
THA-
?

WHEN IS THE NEXT
GOLD SHIPMENT
COMING THROUGH?
MR. FRAME WANTS
TO KNOW BUT I
MUSTN'T SAY SO

THURSDAY

THURSDAY!
OH, BOY
THANKS

WHY DID
YOU DO THAT?
THE GOLD COMES
THROUGH
WEDNESDAY

SO WE CAN SET
A TRAP FOR
FRAME AND
HIS GANG ON
THURSDAY!



THURSDAY!

GOOD!

HE SAYS THE GOLD IS COMING THROUGH WEDNESDAY!



WHERE'S THE HORSES?

THEY'LL BE IN THE BARN WEDNESDAY, AFTER I CHECK UP ON YOUR INFORMATION!



NOW I AM IN TROUBLE! I GAVE HIM THE WRONG DAY!

MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO THE WIDOW



OH-H, I WAS JUST COMING HOME!

OH, YEAH...I'M AFTER JUANITA! SHE AIN'T AT HOME!



HA!

THAT'S HER VOICE SHE'S IN THERE!

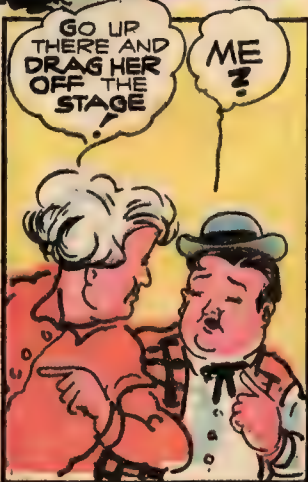


JUANITA!

SHUT UP!

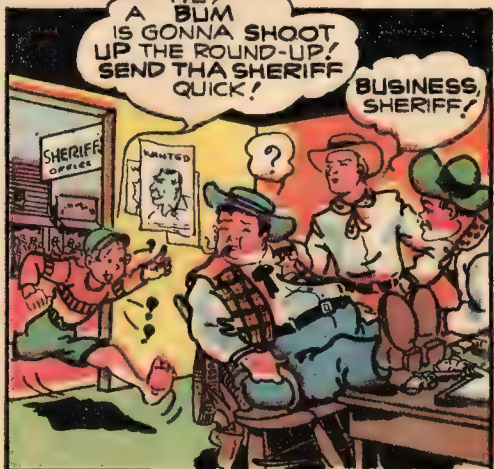
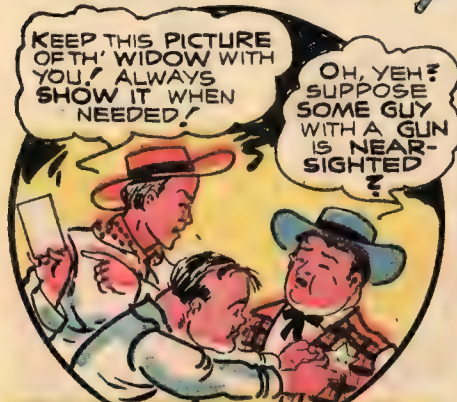
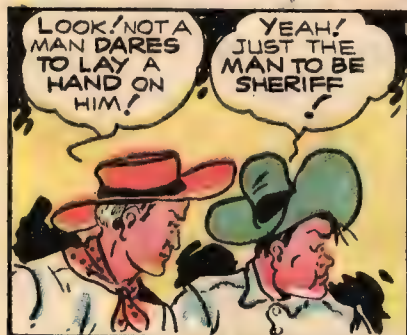
SHUT UP!

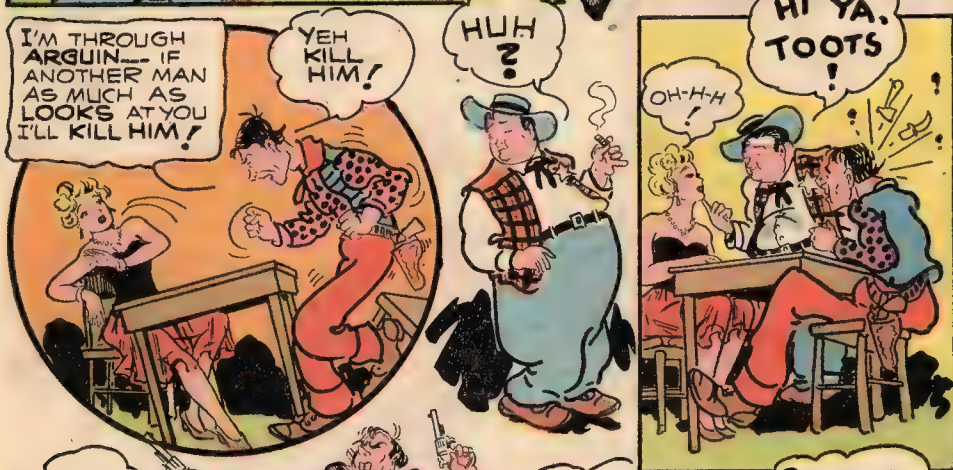
SHUT UP!



GO UP THERE AND DRAG HER OFF THE STAGE!

ME?





SS-SSH!
I'VE FIXED
IT SO WE
CAN GET
AWAY!

HOW
?

THE FIX-
ABBOTT
HAS
SPREAD A
FAKE STORY
THAT THE
RAILROAD
RIGHT-OF-
WAY WILL GO
THROUGH
THE WIDOW'S
RANCH
MAKING HER
VERY RICH.
THE JUDGE,
FRAME, AND
EVERY OTHER
MAN IN
TOWN WILL
WANT
TO MARRY
HER!

LOOK! FRAME
AND HIS GANG
RIDIN' OUT!
SAY, JIM, WHAT
DAY IS THIS
?

WEDNESDAY
!



JAKE FRAME AND HIS GANG GALLOP BY...

THIS WILL
KILL YOU—I
GAVE FRAME
THE WRONG
DAY!

BUT THE
SHIPMENT OF
GOLD IS COMING
THROUGH
TODAY! GET
OUT THERE
AND STOP THE
ROBBERY

WIDOW HAWKINS
THE SHERIFF HAS
GOTTA HAVE THE
BUCKBOARD!
HE'S GOT CROOKS
TO CHASE

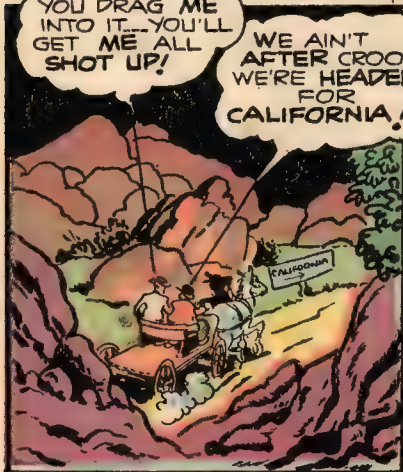
WHY DID
YOU DRAG ME
INTO IT...YOU'LL
GET ME ALL
SHOT UP!

WE AIN'T
AFTER CROOKS!
WE'RE HEADED
FOR
CALIFORNIA!

HALT
!

I THOUGHT YOU
GALLOOTS WOULD
TRY A GET-AWAY!
I HEADED YOU
OFF!

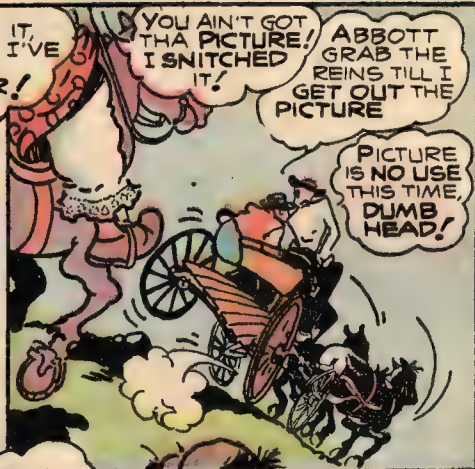
OOPS!
IT'S THE
WIDOW
!





STOP OR
I'LL
SHOOT!

EXCUSE IT,
ABBOTT, I'VE
GOTTA
DETOUR!



YOU AIN'T GOT
THA PICTURE!
I SNITCHED
IT!

ABBOTT
GRAB THE
REINS TILL I
GET OUT THE
PICTURE

PICTURE
IS NO USE
THIS TIME,
DUMB
HEAD!



WHOA,
MY HAT!
MY HAT!



BUM
SPRINGS

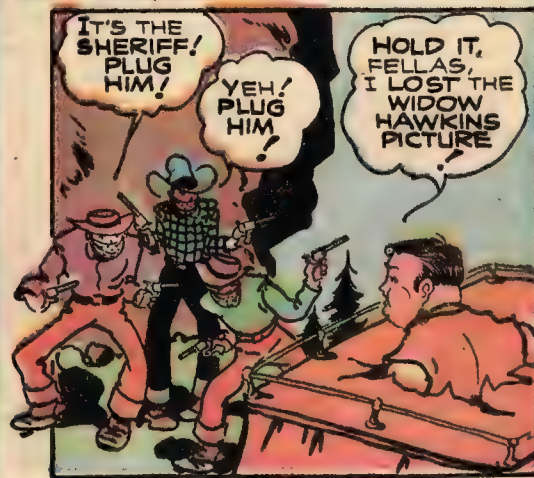
HI-I-I-I
ABBOTT, HOW
DID THE
SCENERY GET
UP ABOVE
US!



OVER THE
CLIFF
AND
CRASH!
INTO THE
FRAME
HOLD UP!

OOMP!

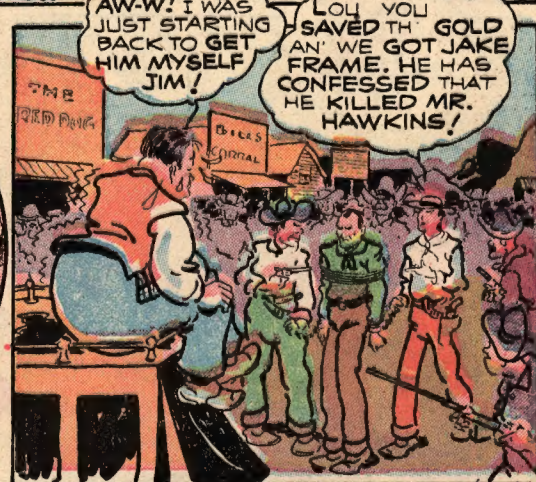
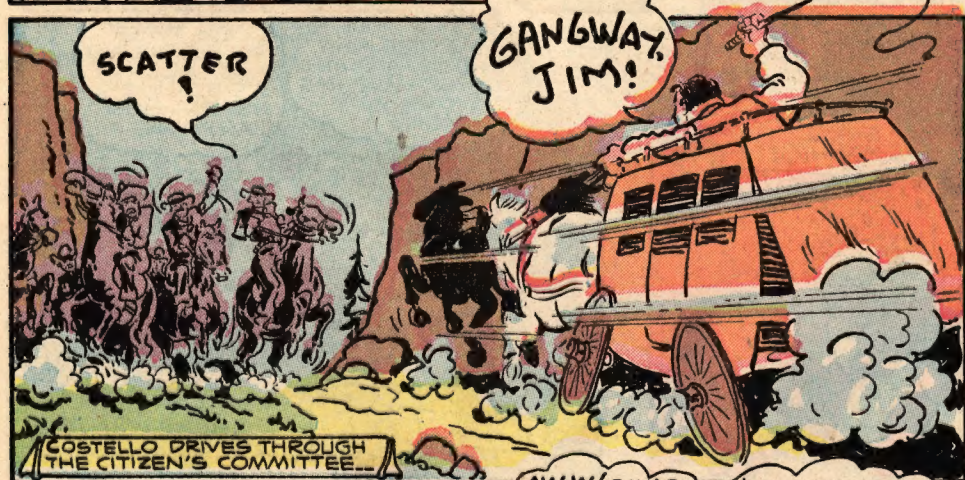
CRASH!



IT'S THE
SHERIFF!
PLUG
HIM!

YEH!
PLUG
HIM!

HOLD IT,
FELLAS,
I LOST THE
WIDOW
HAWKINS
PICTURE



THE HORSES DASH ALL THE WAY BACK TO TOWN INTO THEIR STABLES

THE WINDUP

MRS HAWKINS, I'M SORRY I SPREAD A FAKE STORY ABOUT A RAILROAD RIGHT-OF-WAY.

BUT IT IS TRUE! IT IS COMING THROUGH MY RANCH! I'LL BE VERY RICH!

AND I'M MARRYING THE WIDOW!

NICE GOIN', JIM!

AND I'M MARRYING THE HEIRRESS!

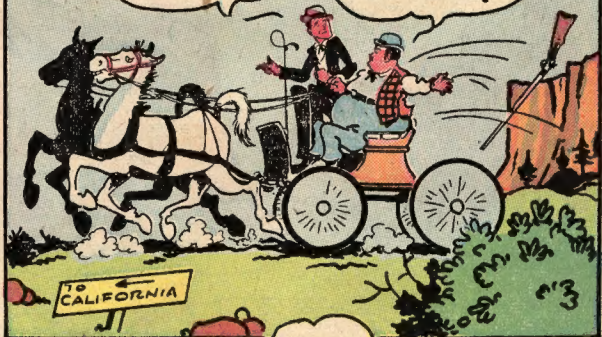


IN CONSIDERATION OF YOUR SAVING THE GOLD AND CLEANING THE TOWN OF OUTLAWS, WE ARE HANDING YOU A FINE TEAM, AND STAKE TO CALIFORNIA!

OH-H! THANK YOU JUDGE! OH, BOY! OH, BOY!

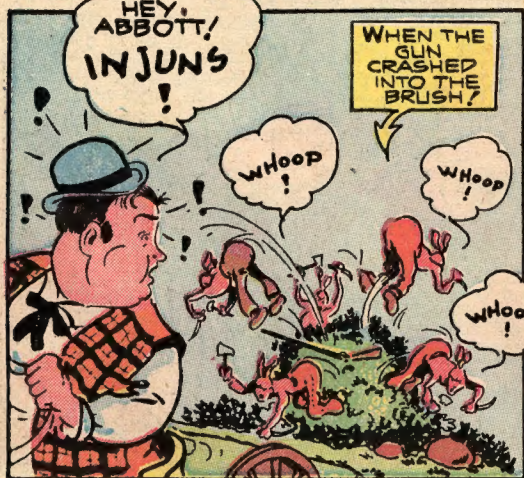
LOOK, YOU COULD HAVE MARRIED THE WIDOW AND WE'D NEVER HAVE HAD TO WORK ANY MORE!

YEH? BUT LOOK TWICE—WE'RE BOUND FOR CAL, AND WE DON'T EVEN NEED A GUN ANYMORE!



HEY, ABBOTT! INJUNS!

WHEN THE GUN CRASHED INTO THE BRUSH!



WHOO!

WHOO!



THE END

of white sweatshirt, he'd looked real snazzy in that! Then, too, a doctor had all the bandages he wanted. And couldn't you have fun with bandages! Boy, when you played Cowboys and Indians you wouldn't have to tie up the prisoners with rope! No, Sir, you could bind them to the stake with nice, clean bandage. But there was *just* one thing about being a doctor. They seemed to be forever washing their hands. It was bad enough having to wash your hands before meals, but to have to scrub them merely to cut out someone's appendix — nope, Little Benny couldn't see it. He decided not to be a doctor, after all.

A lawyer? Not bad. Lawyers helped people who got in trouble and got ever so much money for doing it. Little Benny didn't know *anyone* who got in more trouble than he did. Just think of all the money he'd save by being his own lawyer. To say nothing of the spankings he'd avoid! Once he was a lawyer he'd be able to convince mother that an empty cookie jar and crumbs on his mouth did not really *prove* him guilty. Still there was this to consider — lawyers worked in courtrooms and all courtrooms were indoors. Being a lawyer would make a fellow miss an awful lot of fun. Who ever saw a lawyer playing Follow-The-Leader or sleigh riding down Pilgrim's Hill? And what would happen if he had to try a case on the very same afternoon the gang wanted to go frog hunting? He couldn't afford to risk it. Becoming a lawyer was out of the question — at least, until people got sensible and had outdoor courtrooms.

What else had she mentioned? Policeman? Hmmm, very good! Policemen could arrest people and put them in jail. Little Benny wouldn't mind at all being able to arrest *certain* people, he thought, eyeing teacher. He couldn't very well do that, though, for she never did anything wrong. But what about those who did? How about the time Lefty Larson refused to give him "halfies" on that bag of taffy? And maybe the older fellows wouldn't laugh at his wanting to play third base if they knew he could arrest them for it. Yes, being a policeman seemed like a good idea, especially if you were a motorcycle policeman. You could give people rides and — no, you couldn't! In fact, you couldn't even be a policeman! Why? Simply because policemen had regular streets to

patrol and were easy to find when you wanted them. How could he be a policeman when that pesty Jane would know where to find him to play house? Jeepers, it was hard enough to hide from her now without being a policeman! It was too bad, but the city would have to struggle along with what policemen they had now.

Let's see. She'd said something about being a banker. That was okay. All you had to do was sit in a nice cool bank and people came in and gave you money. Just think even people you didn't know gave you money! It certainly would be a lot different than the way things were now. Why, he had all sorts of trouble getting money from mother. Oh, she did give him some, but look at the chores he had to do for it! Dull old things like mowing lawns and running errands, the very thought of them made him shudder. Say, wait, there was an idea! Was it possible that bankers had to do chores for the money that people gave them? Maybe they did! Little Benny wasn't sure, but he had to play it safe. Imagine having to mow a million dollars worth of lawns or run a million dollars worth of errands! Brr! No banking for him, thank you.

"Time's up, children," smiled the teacher. "I'm sure that you've all picked out perfectly lovely careers for yourselves. But I do hope you haven't forgotten the title of our little composition 'When I Grow Up I'm Going To Be . . .' Begin it just that way. That is: start with 'When I Grow Up I'm Going To Be . . .' then say what you'll be. First to read will be Little Benny!"

Little Benny fixed a blank stare on an equally blank sheet of paper. Golly, he had been so busy deciding *what* he was going to be that he hadn't written *anything*! But he couldn't possibly tell teacher that! She just wouldn't understand. He had to read something!

Getting slowly to his feet, Little Benny cleared his throat; scuffed his feet; tugged at his sweater; then brushed back his cowlick. Finally, he ran out of means of killing time and began to read hesitantly, "When I Grow Up I'm Going To Be . . . er . . . er . . . When I Grow Up I'm Going To Be . . . er . . . er that is . . . Er . . . When I Grow Up I'm Going To Be . . . BIGGER!"

THE END

GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH



BOYS
GIRLS



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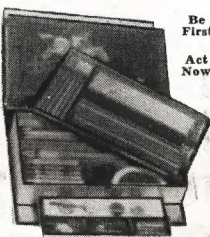


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YEAR

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First
Act
Now

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ACT
NOW

Boys - Girls
Ladies - Men

OUR
56th
YEAR



BE
FIRST



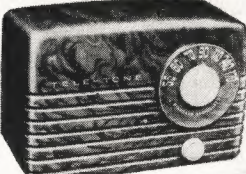
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PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH

BOYS
GIRLS

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BOYS
GIRLS

ACT NOW

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MAIL COUPON NOW



LADIES

MEN

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Name Here

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